Bring me the Sattin Coffin; lay the Babe
Vpon the Pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A prieſtly farwell to her: ſodainely, woman.
2. Sir, we haue a Cheſt beneath the hatches,
Caulkt and bittumed ready.
Per. I thanke thee: Mariner ſay, what Coaſt is this?
2. We are neere *Tharſus*.
Per. Thither gentle Marriner,
Alter thy courſe for *Tyre*: when canſt thou reach it?
2. By breake of day, if the winde ceaſe.
Per. O make for *Tharſus*,
There will I viſite *Cleon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*; there Ile leaue it
At carefull nurſing: goe the wayes good Marriner,
Ile bring the body preſently. *Exit.*

Enter Lord Cerymon with a ſeruant.

Cer. *Phylemon*, hoe.

Enter Phylemon.

Phyl. Doth my Lord call?
Cer. Get fire and meate for theſe poore men,
It hath beene a turbulent and ſtormy night.
Ser. I haue beene in many; but ſuch a night as this,
Till now, I neare endured.
Cer. Your Maſter will be dead ere you returne,
There's nothing can be miniſtred to nature,
That can recouer him: giue this to the Pothecary,
And tell me how it workes.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Good morrow.
2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordſhip.
Cer. Gentlemen, why do you ſtirre ſo earely?
1. *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings ſtanding bleake vpon the ſea,
Shooke as if the earth did quake:
The very principles did ſeeme to rend and all to topple,
Pure ſurprize and feare, made me to leaue the houſe.

2. *Gent.*

2. *Gent.* That is the cauſe
Tis not our husbandry.
Cer. O you ſay well.
1. *Gent.* But I much maru
Hauing rich attire about yo
Shake off the golden ſlumbe
Nature ſhould be ſo conuer
Being thereto not compelle
Cer. I hold it euer Vertue
Were endowments greater,
Careleſſe heyres may the tw
But immortality attends the
Making a man a God:
Tis knowne, I euer haue ſtud
Through which ſecret Art, b
I haue together with my pra
To me and to my aide, the be
In Vegitiues, in Mettals, Sto
Diſturbances that Nature w
Which doth giue me a more
Then to be thirſty after totte
Or tye my pleaſure vp in ſilke
To pleaſe the Foole and Dea
2. *Gent.* Your honour hath
Poured foorth your charity, a
Your Creatures; who by yo
And not your knowledge, yo
But euen your purſe ſtill oper
Such ſtrong renowne, as neue

Enter two or three

Ser. So, lift there.
Cer. What's that?
Ser. Sir, euen now did the
This Cheſt; tis of ſome wrac
Cer. Set it downe, let vs lo
2. *Gent.* Tis like a Coffin, ſi

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